

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 546 - 548

Chapter 546

Chapter 546 God Sent Me Back

The doctor's words had me weeping in joy. Timmy looked emotional, too, and we ended up laughing and crying at the same time.

Derek was conscious when he was wheeled back into the ward. I sat by the bed and clutched his hand tightly. I didn't want to look away from his face for even a second.

He mustered a weak smile as he reached out with his other hand and gently stroked my hair.

"As a matter of fact, I've already stepped through the gates of heaven and met God. He refused me further passage, saying that I needed to treat my wife and children better. He said I still needed to fulfill my responsibilities as a husband and father, and sent me back to take good care of you and our kids."

I was a sobbing mess. Despite myself, I grabbed the sleeve of his hospital gown and used it to wipe my tears.

"Don't scare me like that anymore, okay? I'm just a simple woman. I don't care for thrill and excitement. My fragile heart can't take another scare like this."

Derek smiled and pulled me close, letting me lay my head on his chest.

"Don't worry. I'm not leaving you. There's no way you can drive me away in the future, either, no matter how hard you try."

Maldives, half a year later

A small concert was playing on the beach, featuring the band, Thorn Birds.

"I want you to be with me. I want you to watch the turtles swim in the sea and slowly creep on the beach. We can count the waves together. Don't be afraid. You won't be lonely. I will always be with you. I will make you happy..."

Derek and Felix were having fun with their guitars, while Eric played the bass and Aaron was on the drums. All of them were halfway into their thirties now, but they were having the time of their life performing for their audience. The tourists loved them as well, especially their attractive faces.

I was holding Dexter in my lap, while Megan had Edith in her arms not too far away.

From time to time, Derek would glance at me, his eyes sparkling. I knew he was singing to me. My heart warmed, and before I knew it, I was singing along under my breath.

"Time flies, and doesn't look back. A beautiful woman becomes an old woman. Oh, at that time, I am also an old man..."

All of a sudden, Dexter jumped off my legs and ran toward the small stage up front. He made a beeline for Derek and plucked a string on his guitar, then scampered off to Aaron and tried to grab one of his drumstick. Aaron obliged, giving a stick to the little rascal before picking him up.

It was all the encouragement Dexter needed. He brandished his stick and tapped it on the first drum he saw, much to the tourists' amusement.

Derek came over shortly after and plucked our son out of Aaron's arms. He pressed a kiss on Dexter's plump cheek before holding him up in the air and twirling around. The boy's giggles rang out to the background of crashing waves in the distance.

I felt full and contented just watching them.

The next day, we ran into a filming crew at the club Med Kani.

They were shooting a scene where an actress got slapped and then pushed into the pool. For some reason, they had to redo the scene repeatedly.

As it turned out, the director was already satisfied with some of the footage they had taken, but the actress was not. She insisted on several retakes, and each time, she fell into the water and choked.

We milled around for a while before turning to leave.

“Derek!” a familiar voice called out from behind US as we walked away.

None of US paused or looked back.

We had been used to acting indifferent whenever Derek’s name was mentioned, because he was no longer Derek Sullivan now.

In the next second, however, a familiar figure appeared in front of US.

Becky stared up at Derek, her eyes filled with hopeful excitement. Her hair and clothes were dripping wet. “Derek. You’re still alive? Is that really you?”

Indeed, the actress who had been thrown into the pool again and again just now was none other than Becky. I had recognized her, of course, so Derek should, too.

He looked at her now, cool and calm.

“Sorry, you’ve got the wrong person.”

Becky’s eyes instantly filled with tears.

But Derek paid her no mind. He only took my hand, smiled at me, and ushered me past Becky.

To our surprise, she came up to US again.

She tried to squeeze the water out of her hair before smiling brightly at Derek.

“I apologize. It seems I did mistake you for someone else. It’s just that, you look a lot like... Like a family of mine.

It’s nice to meet you. My name is Becky. I’m just a stranger, and you can forget all about me after this, but I just wanted to tell you that I wish you all the happiness in the world.”

Tears were running down her face as she spoke, but her smile never faltered.

“Thank you,” Derek replied.

We all continued on our way, but Megan suddenly ran back to Becky. She handed the latter a souvenir, one that she had bought at Paradise Island yesterday.

“Hello, Becky. I used to be a fan. Well... I was watching you shoot back at the pool. You’re working hard. Keep it up! God rewards those who do good, honest work.”

Megan turned around before Becky could say anything, running to catch up to US.

We were quite a distance away when I finally turned around, only to find Becky still standing where we had left her. I couldn’t see her face, but her shoulders were noticeably shaking.

I was glad that things had changed. I didn’t hate her anymore.

She looked up then, and I offered her a wave.

“Come on! You’re going to do great things in the future!” I muttered under my breath.

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Chapter 547 Just The Beginning

Later in the day, Derek took me swimming, just the two of us. Megan and Aaron volunteered to look after the children, giving US some time for ourselves.

Derek dove into the pool without hesitation. I didn’t know how to swim, so I settled for watching him while soaking my feet in the water.

Just then, Felix sent a message to the group chat. He wanted to see photos of my bikini.

“Well, sure, but you need to pay for it,” I countered.

“Make sure to keep your word,” Felix replied.

“Of course.” I already knew what to do.

After a few seconds, he transferred 88 dollars to me, along with another message insisting that I send the pictures immediately.

“Be quick about it, why don’t you? I already paid up, where are my pictures?”

I retrieved an extra bikini from the bag we’d brought along, then laid it down on the tiled edge of the pool and took a picture.

“Here, my bikini. Isn’t it nice? My husband chose it for me.”

Felix was silent for a while, and I imagined him gaping at the photo I’d sent.

“Very pretty,” he messaged after a while.

The rest of the group sent laughing stickers, teasing him for getting cheated. He had meant he wanted to see me in my bikini, but I deliberately twisted his words.

Derek swam over to me and asked why I was laughing. I showed him my phone, and he joined in the laughter as well.

“Ah!”

I barely had time to put my phone away when he suddenly pulled me into the water. I sputtered and flailed, prompting him to hold me up to keep me from drowning.

“I can’t swim!” I screamed.

Derek raised my chin and smiled. “That’s a basic survival skill. You need to learn it. Come on, I’ll teach you how to swim.”

Okay, then. This made perfect sense, and I trusted him implicitly. I decided there and then to learn how to swim.

I realized too late that my swimming coach saw this as an opportunity to take advantage of me.

Still, Derek was an excellent teacher. I was swimming on my own in no time. He chased me around, and we ended up playing a game of big fish and small fish.

As expected, the big fish eventually caught the small fish and devoured it.

Derek cornered me at the poolside and began to kiss me passionately.

I pushed against his chest, embarrassed by our public display.

“Stop it, there are other people here.”

Derek blew a frustrated sigh. “We have two overactive kids at home, and now that it’s just us, you worry about other people? At this rate, I just might die from all these pent-up desires.”

My heart skipped a beat when the word “die” fell out of his mouth. I instinctively pressed my palm against his lips, which he, of course, licked. His eyes flashed devilishly.

“Eh?”

I spotted a small fish tattoo on his chest. I didn’t recall seeing it before.

Derek pulled my hand from his mouth and placed it over his tattoo. I could feel the steady rhythm of his heartbeat against my skin.

“You have a fish tattoo on your chest too. This fish is you. I wanted to put you somewhere close to my heart,” he whispered.

I was so moved that I stood on tiptoe and kissed him without another thought, ignoring everyone else around US.

We proceeded to make out in the water, splashing and giggling in our own little world.

After some time, we sat on the edge of the pool. He had his arm around my shoulders, and my head was tucked in the crook of his shoulder.

My mind drifted off to the past, and I couldn't help but sigh. "You know what? I was once like a fish out of water, just waiting to die."

Derek chuckled. "Would that make me a dark cloud, then? I saved you by bringing the heavy rain, didn't I?" "Hmm. Promise me you will never leave me. Or I would certainly die."

He pulled back and tapped my nose with his finger. "Silly girl. How can I leave you? Only when I have you by my side do I feel alive."

I felt a lump in my throat, and my vision grew suspiciously blurry. I sniffed.

We gazed into each other's eyes as the sun set behind us. There and then, nothing else existed except for our love.

No word could express how much we loved each other. So, in the end, we just kissed each other silently.

On the day he had been discharged, he had shown me his new ID card.

Derek was gone. He was now called Kyler Sullivan.

A brand-new name for a brand-new start. He had been reborn. From then on, his life had turned into a completely different direction.

Derek was a man who gave up everything for the sake of the country. Kyler, on the other hand, was just an ordinary man who lived for his family.

In my opinion, this was just the beginning of a wonderful life, one that he could live on his own terms, one that he could truly call his own.

And he had me in it. He always would.

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Chapter 548 Timid Girl

Derek's POV:

The heavy downpours during the rainy season always started without any warning. The weather was sunny at first. But as soon as school was over, it started to rain heavily.

In a trice, I rode my bicycle to the crossroads and waited. Once the traffic light turned green, I rode in the opposite direction of my home.

I took a few turns and passed by the Happy Elementary School. The rain was getting heavier by the second, so I sped up.

It wasn't until I got to the next intersection that I saw a familiar figure. This person was Eveline.

She was walking very fast in the rain. There was no umbrella above her head. Instead, she used her schoolbag to keep the rain from drenching her body. All of a sudden, a group of young boys whistled and jumped in front of her.

"Hey, girl, why are you running so fast in the rain? What's all the hurry?"

Eveline was taken aback by their sudden appearance. She lowered her head fearfully and tried to run around the human barricade they had made in front of her.

However, the boys didn't let her escape. It was obvious that they wanted to pick on her today. When they pulled her back, her schoolbag fell into the water puddle on the ground.

"Stop running! You have no family at home to care about you. Come with US instead!" a boy shouted with a sinister expression.

Eveline picked up her soaked schoolbag. "Please, I want to go home," she said with a shaky voice.

Another boy pulled her ponytail viciously.

"Don't embarrass US. Anyway, that wasn't a request but a command!"

He then dragged her by the hair and his companions followed him. Before they could walk a dozen steps, I sped up on my bicycle and brought it to a screeching halt in front of them.

"Boys, don't you all have something better to do after school?"

I held the handle of my bicycle with one hand and looked at them with an intimidating frown.

"Derek!"

All the boys recognized me. From their uniforms, I guessed that they were middle school students in the same school I attended.

I was quite popular in school. My schoolmates knew that I wasn't a troublemaker nor a coward. A great percentage of them wouldn't dare to offend me.

One of them touched his nose and laughed. "Derek, we were just kidding with this girl. We are on our way home now."

The other boys echoed him and then they all fled before I could say anything.

Eveline stood still with her head lowered. I looked at her carefully and saw that her toes were moving in the wet sandals.

"Thank you," she whispered.

I already knew that she was a timid girl. It was hard for her to speak to anyone boldly. Even now, she didn't have the courage to look up at me.

Without uttering a word, I lowered my head and stared at her face. Her cheekbones were protruding more than normal. Eveline was a thin and short girl. She looked a little malnourished.

However, she had long eyelashes, which were the most charming part of her features.

For some reason, I badly wanted to see the pair of beautiful eyes that were under her eyelids, but I couldn't because she didn't raise her head.

"It's raining heavily. Let me take you home," I uttered after a while.

She shook her head and put her schoolbag on her head again.

"No, thank you. My home is close by. I can go there myself. Bye!"

She then turned around and ran away with her schoolbag on her head.

Although she turned down my offer, I rode behind her at a slow speed until she turned and ran into an alley. I stopped and watched her sprint to the depths of the alley. Her sandals sank into the muddy water and it splashed high.

Two years had already passed since that incident happened. Every time I saw her from afar in the past two years, she always had her head lowered and looked very timid.

It was still easy for the bullies to pick on her. But something had changed about her. She looked stronger as she ran in the rain today.

Strength and resilience were a must for Eveline.

She didn't have an umbrella to shelter herself in the rain, but that didn't mean she would stay still and cry out of frustration. She had to brace up and run in the rain.

She wiped her eyes with her hand while sprinting. What was wrong? Was she crying? Aargh! Those boys must have made her sad.

My heart ached for her. The urge to comfort her was strong, but I felt that I was the most unqualified person to do so.

It's often said that only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. I couldn't relate to the pain she was currently feeling, so it would be unwise to pretend like I did.

The greatest comfort for Eveline would be to bring his father back to life and let her mother wake up from her coma. As good as that sounded, it was impossible. The past couldn't be changed.

It wasn't until she finally got out of sight that I went my way.

Not far away, I saw my cousin, who was also riding his bicycle with his schoolbag on his back.

This cousin of mine used to be called Aronson. But his name was changed to Aaron after he transferred to another school.